THE PASTIME.

(A LITERARY PAPER.)

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Pastime.

THE PURVEYOR.—No. IV.

Sperat, nescius auræ fallacis.

HOR.

MODESTY might perhaps induce me to decline the publication of the following letter; but reflecting that an address from an unknown writer to an anonymous author, can entitle to no personal praise, I have deemed it my duty to lay it before the publick. The subject is no less interesting than important, and in a future number will, more particularly, claim the attention of the Purveyor. The friends of American literature cannot fail to appreciate its value, as well for elegance of style, as for correctness of sentiment.

MR. PURVEYOR,

From the interesting manner in which you have introduced your preliminary essay, I cannot but flatter myself that your numbers will meet with a favorable patronage. With a diffidence suitable to a candidate for literary reputation, you have very properly concealed both your name and situation. How much soever I may on my own personal account regret this concealment, I must notwithstanding beg the indulgence of opening a correspondence with you in your publick capacity; and availing myself of all the privileges of a real, though unknown friend, shall from time to time, communicate freely my speculations on the different subjects in which you may be employed.

You are engaged, Mr. Purveyor, in a task of no trifling degree of responsibility. To amuse, to instruct, and at the same time to reform, is an arduous undertaking. The attempt is highly laudable, and the publick sentiment cannot fail to appreciate the labours of him who succeeds happily in so important an enterprize.

Of the three great objects which I have mentioned, amusement, instruction and reformation, the latter is not the least important; indeed it seems to come particularly within the province of a periodical writer. He is peculiarly the guardian of the publick taste. We look up to him to correct what is exuberant, to reform what is vitiated, and to patronize merit wherever it is to be found.

With this object in view, I would recommend to your attention, the prevailing notions with regard to the literature of our country. The low state of science, and the little encouragement it receives, are the theme of almost every declaimer. The grave essayist and the scribbling sophomore both agree in puffing every thing foreign, and commence their career to the Temple of Fame by first trampling upon the genius and institutions of their country. I am free to confess that I have no desire to become one of their school. Nor, were I an author, should I think of increasing my own celebrity by the

ruin of my cotemporaries. So far am I from complaining of the small encouragement which is given to literature in this country, that I think I may safely assert that there is no place on the globe of equal wealth and population, which gives it greater pecuniary support, or has such a number of literary institutions. It is true that we have no Mæcenas's who pension half a dozen poets to tune their praise, and no Prince who crowds his palace with a host of learned, but mercenary flatterers. On the contrary, our encouragement is given to our colleges, our academies and schools, and the flourishing condition of these institutions are the tests of the publick patronage. Our establishments regard the general diffusion of knowledge among all classes of the people, rather than the retaining of a few individuals. Several individual states pay annually from their treasuries more money for the encouragement of schools, than it cost Lewis XIV. to pension half the literati of Europe.

I perceive that I am going to examine the subject myself, instead of only suggesting a few hints to you, which was the original design of this communication. Lest I should intrude upon your patience by interfering with that which more especially belongs to your department, I will trouble you with but one or two further remarks. While vindicating my own country, I will not presume to assert that literature has arrived at the same perfection here as in many countries of Europe. Several of our institutions are yet in their infancy. But the tree is planted. It has taken an extensive root, and let us not neglect it nor cut it down in the season of blossoming, because we have not yet gathered its fruits in maturity.

That you Sir, may succeed in your scientific pursuits; that you may be able to vindicate the literary honour of our country, and defend it from the fashionable aspersions of its many calumniators, is the sincere desire of your correspondent. R.

For the Pastime.

ON THE DIVERSITY OF HUMAN GENIUS, AND ITS CAUSES.

HAVING in a former number, glanced at the *diversity of genius*, I shall not linger in attempting to display the advantages it affords to individual man on the social union. Though we are indebted to this diversity, for the varied productions of wisdom, in the sciences and arts; for the moving marble of Phydias, and the breathing canvass of Apelles; for the sublime labours of the statesman and the orator; though I might here observe in what a wonderful manner it adorns and enlivens the domestic circle; promotes social intercourse; and adds dignity and splendour to the active theatre of life;—yet I shall ascend to a still more arduous task, and for a moment, dwell upon *some of those causes* whence this diversity originates.

Man, by nature, both in the energies of mind and body, is every where very nearly the same. He was the same in former periods as at the present moment; he was the same at Athens and at Rome. No matter where we range.—We may recline with the Hindoo on the banks of the Ganges; or with the peasant of Lapland, climb the rugged cliff and proud mountains of ice. We may wander with the sun-burnt Indian of the line; or retiring within the borders of our native land, enquire of the companions of our childhood. We shall find after all our researches, that however various the appearances of the human mind and character, we may rather trace them back to the operation of certain physical and moral causes, than to any immediate interposition of Deity. Customs, manners and education, and perhaps every object that is presented to the infant in the cradle, may powerfully operate in forming

the mind for future action. But leaving these considerations, I shall more fully contemplate genius, as we observe it under the influence of *climate*, *government* and *religion*.

A mountain or a stream may sometimes form the only barrier between a people of different pursuits, inclinations and intellects; the same village may sometimes raise up a Brutus and a Cæsar; and the same domestic circle give birth to the philosopher and the ideot. Yet it is only in distant regions of the earth, that we discover those striking characteristics that pervade not only individuals, but whole nations at once. The extremes of either clime, tend materially to enfeeble the human faculties and render them unfit for operation. The infinite degrees of light and shade, and lineament, by which the body is regularly varied, as we proceed on either hand, from the equatorial regions, have been clearly established by the wisdom of the modern world, as almost solely the effect of climate. Such is the intimate alliance between the intellect and body, that whatever influences the one, must, according to the constitution of man, produce a corresponding influence upon the other. Extreme heat not only gives a peculiar tincture to the skin, and form to the limbs and features, but likewise relaxes and weakens the nerves, fibres and other organs of the body, and thus destroys those channels by which ideas are communicated to the soul. Extreme cold, while it distorts the limbs, hardens the organs of sense, and renders them incapable of conveying any impressions to the "*grand censorium*," except those of the grossest kind.

From our own observation, as well as from the speculations of the wise, and the experience of ages, we have learnt that nations have been learned or unlearned, exalted or debased in the world of literature in no small degree, according to the region they inhabit. An hundred ages have the leaves of autumn been nipt by the frost of winter, and fallen to the ground; and yet the frozen Kamschadale still lies immersed beneath the ices of the pole, and has scarcely yet been known to improve either in the beauty of his person or refinement of his mind. An hundred generations have arisen from their cradles, performed their parts on the broad theatre of life, and dropt into the grave; and yet the tawny descendants of Ham still roam benighted on the wilds of Africa, in impenetrable clouds of ignorance. The consanguinity of the Hungarians and the inhabitants of Lapland, affords a wonderful display of the powerful energy of climate on the children of a common parent. Arms and freedom, and sometimes the cause of literature have been the ruling passion of those bold adventurers, who spread along the borders of the Danube; while the wretched fugitives who are buried in the eternal snows of the polar circle, are diminished in their statures and congealed in their faculties—ignorant of war, ignorant of the sciences, ignorant of the arts of life. It is in temperate climates only, that we observe the human genius soaring aloft in all the beauty of perfection. It is here that we observe it in its widest ranges, still pressing forward, and in its loftiest flight still endeavouring to go higher. Here the statesman explores with a scrutinizing eye every nook in the mazes of national policy; here the works of the pencil compare in elegance, with the works of nature; and the immortal labours of the pen are carried along with admiration down the current of time.

Climate affects the original faculties; government and religion either poison or cherish their growth. Under the influence of climate, the mind of man comes into being either a perfect form or a misshapen and incorrigible monster. Under the influence of government and religion, it is the unpolished diamond in the rubbish of the mine; it is the rude mass of marble, which if taken from the earth before it is defaced or broken in pie-

ces, may be formed into an image, that would command devotion, even from the bosom of philosophy. Mild and wholesome laws elevate the soul with sentiments of manly virtue, inspire it in the sublime career of improvement, and dignify the whole nature of man. But where the spirit of despotism rages, man withers and decays. That *ethereal principle*, which leads him in his views beyond the narrow bounds of sense, becomes shackled in its operations; and that being who was formed to command an important post in the grand warfare of life, falls feeble and unresisting before the invader of his rights. The mind long labouring under oppression, like the branch diverted from its course, becomes fixed in that state of low despondency and slavish views, and in all those habits of deformity, which at first, were unnatural and forced.

Often have we traversed with delight the illustrious ages of ancient greatness, which were those of the glory of man and the grandeur of human genius. Often have we mused with melancholy enthusiam, amidst the monumental ruins that strew the plains of Turkey, of Italy and of Egypt; and enough yet remains of the proud monuments of either nation, to inspire us with endless sorrow for what has fallen by the rude hand of the destroyer. We have travelled with admiration along the vast field of heroic times; we have seen Greece in her splendor, and Rome in the greatness of her strength and wisdom; and we have united our assenting voices with the plaudits of enlightened nations, when their sons have been "loaded with the spoils of every art," and crowned with the laurels of distinction. But nations, like the works of human labour, flourish but for a time, and rapidly fall back to dissolution. Nations that once were great, no longer exist. The sceptre of empire has fallen from their feeble hands. They have been crushed down and swept away by the mighty *besom of destruction*; and we now behold in the majesty of ruin, merely the shadow of former grandeur. The fairest structures have been rudely tumbled down and demolished; of many a statue and of many a column, the size and the place are determined only by a fallen capitol or a mutilated base. Science has been overwhelmed in a deluge of barbarism, and scarcely a tomb or inscription points the enquiring stranger to the spot which received the ashes of poets, statesman and orators. Where once arose in perfection whatever could enliven the mind or interest the heart, we now behold barbarism, ignorance and desolation. On the spot where the patriotic band of Leonidas expired in the cause of freedom, we now behold stupid and unenterprising millions hanging unconcerned on the arbitrary will of a despot;—millions, who view in the perspective of far-distant years, their forefathers wielding the sceptre of the world, and marching triumphant in the field of glory;—millions whose thoughts are the thoughts of slaves; who merely vegitate and die; who can elevate their souls to no greater privilege than hugging the chains that bind them to the block.

The climate still remains the same; and the bounties of nature are yet showered down with a liberal profusion. Egypt is still fattened by the floods of the Nile; and the inhabitants of Italy and Turkey yet gather the luxuries of nature from the fairest gardens of the world. But in the changes of their government, we must look, in some degree, for the wonderful changes in their genius. Their government, once the bulwark of freedom, has been torn from its foundation, by the arm of desperation and wickedness; and like the columns of a venerable castle, has fallen on the heads of those it was designed to shelter. Their liberties have been broken down and sacrificed on the altar of despotism; and from amidst the ruins of that conflagration, which consumed their dearest rights,

the natural body, cankered and paralized, came forth, almost unanimated and alone. We have seen nearly a whole quarter of the world bleeding at once, beneath the ferocious sword of Zenghis Khan and Tamerlane; and the Alexanders, the Cæsars, and Charles' of every age, like a destroying angel, smiting the nations of the earth.—But we have seen still more.—We have beheld the fairest countries in the most genial climates wasted away in the profoundest peace, more than other nations have been torn by the devastation of war. We have often beheld the pride of man and dignity of human nature seized with a loathsome leprosy, while prostrated at the feet of a despot, and falling like a withered stork. We have seen every principle of action but the low and brutish one of fear, swallowed up in the gulf of oppression; and the glory of man and the grandeur of nations prematurely levelled by the barbarous policy of a wretch grown drunk with pride and power, and endeavouring to fix upon the world, the eternal principle of slavery and destruction.

(To be concluded in our next.)

HISTORY OF THE ARTS.

LIFE OF ARCHIMEDES.

Translated from a very late French version of his works.

ARCHIMEDES was born 237 years before the vulgar era, he was the relation and the friend of king Hieron, who reigned over the Syracusians for fifty years with mildness and wisdom.

Plato and Aristotle flourished in the preceding age. Euclid either was dead or in extreme old age when Archimedes appeared. Appolonius of Pergus was born about 40 years afterwards.

The life of Archimedes is little known. Heraclitus had written it, but unfortunately it has not been handed down to us. All the information obtained is from Polybius, Cicero, Titus Livius, Plutarch and some other of the ancient writers.

He made a voyage to Egypt, when he invented the famous crew which bears his name, which the Egyptians used afterwards for scattering and distributing the waters of the Nile in places which had not before been attempted.

He possessed an invincible ardour for study. It is related, that occupied with his studies, he frequently forgot to eat and drink. Led often by force to the baths and bagnios, he would be engaged in tracing geomettrical figures in the ashes, and mathematical lines upon his body plastered with perfumed oils or essences.

What eagerness for study, said Cicero, he must have possessed, who, engaged in decyphering certain figures, did not take notice that his countryhad fallen into hands of the Romans.

King Hieron had sent to a goldsmith a certain quantity of gold to make a crown, but the artist retained a part of the gold, and substituted an equal quantity of silver. Archimedes was consulted to discover the quantity of silver which had been substituted. One day at the baths, the solution of the problem suddenly occurred to him. Transported with joy, he flew out of the bath, forgot he was naked, and ran through the streets of Syracuse, crying out "I have found it, I have found it."

At another time, he demonstrated to king Hieron, that he could with a given force, move a mass of any weight or size. He also added, that from another earth he could dislodge ours. The astonished King desired him to move a large mass with a small force. There was a galley in the harbor which could not be brought to land but by main strength, Archimedes placed on board of her a greater number of men than her usual complement, he seated himself at a considerable distance and by means of a block drew her with his hand without any great exertion. The astonished King was struck with admiration at his art,

he requested Archimedes to erect a variety of machines, with which he could either annoy his enemies or defend his cities.

Hieron had, however, no occasion to use those machines, as he spent a long life in uninterrupted peace.

After the death of Hieron, his son Hicronymus ascended the throne. Instead of imitating his sire, he followed the footsteps of Dyonysius the tyrant. The Syracusians revolted, and dethroned him after a reign of a few months. Hipparchus general of the Syracusians favored the party of the Carthagenians. The Roman Senate ordered Marcellus to drive him from Syracuse.

Every thing being ready, says Polybius, the Romans were on the point of attacking the towers. But Archimedes had disposed several machines with which lances could be thrown to any distance. The enemy were still at a distance from the city, with a variety of warlike instruments, and in high spirits, when they were assailed with such showers of darts that it was impossible to avoid them. As they approached nearer he had others constructed which would carry a shorter distance, which caused great confusion among the Romans. Marcellus, not knowing how to act, was obliged to send in his Gallies under cover of the night. But when they came near the land, Archimedes put in operation another stratagem, which discomfited also their vessels; he caused holes to be made in the walls, of the height of a man, and of a hands breadth wide. In the inside he placed bow-men and scorpions. By means of these loop holes, he annoyed the enemy, and defeated them in every attack. In this manner, whether they were at a distance or not, he rendered all their attempts ineffectual, and killed a great number of men. When they sent their small gallies machines erected on the walls raised them upon the ramparts, stones and pieces of lead of ten talents weight were thrown from the walls. When the gallies came very near, the besieged with a rope would turn their bow, in any manner they pleased, and large stones were tumbled upon them which exceedingly annoyed the besiegers and destroyed their works.

He had also other machines which threw stones against those who approached under the cover of shields, who thought they were safely protected from the ramparts, and these stones were so well directed, that the assailants were obliged repeatedly to retire.

He also had an iron hand fastened to a chain—When this hand had been fixed to the prow of a vessel, the persons who managed the machine, dropped the end which was inside, to the ground. When the poop of the vessel was raised, he held the machine for some time immoveable, and then let go the iron hand and the chain, by means of a pully. By this means he threw some vessels on their sides, some on their stern, but most of them fell upon their prow, and were immediately sunk. Marcellus was under the greatest embarrassment; all his projects were defeated by Archimedes—he experienced great loss, and the besieged laughed at all his efforts.

Appius experienced on land the same difficulties, and abandoned the enterprise. Although his army was at a great distance from the city, they were continually annoyed with stones and darts which were thrown in profusion against them.

When they approached the city, their attempts were unavailing. Although covered with their bucklers, they advanced with great impetuosity, yet it was impossible to withstand the stones and large pieces of lead which were hurled upon them; and the iron hands, which we have mentioned, with which men were raised into the air, then precipitated them to the earth and dashed them to pieces.

Appius retreated to his camp, and assembled a council of tribunes. It was resolved to try every means to surprise the Syracusians, instead of

carrying on a formal siege, as for eight months they had tried every art which ingenuity could devise, without success. So great was the power and genius of one man. With such powerful land and sea forces the city would have fallen on the first attack if Archimedes had not been within the wall.

Polybius, Titus Livius, and Plutarch give the same account of these proceedings.

When the ships of Marcellus were within bow shot, Archimedes put into operation a hexagon glass which he had made. He placed at a convenient distance other small glasses of the same kind, and which could be moved by means of hinges. He placed this glass opposite the direct rays of the sun, which reflecting through the different glasses, set on fire the vessels which came in contact with the rays reflected from them.

Marcellus, despairing of being able to take Syracuse by force, turned the siege into a blockade, and taking advantage of a festival to Diana, he took possession of one of the gates, whilst they were enjoying themselves in pleasures. Whilst the conquerors were taking possession, Archimedes was employed with his problems and figures, and was killed by a soldier, who did not know him. Marcellus lamented his death, gave him an honorable funeral, and took care of his relations.

Archimedes had requested that his tomb should be adorned with a sphere inscribed in a cylinder, which was attended to, and Cicero, when questor of Sicily, discovered it surrounded with briars and brambles.

When questor of Sicily, says Cicero, I used every endeavor to discover the tomb of Archimedes. The Syracusians asserted that it was not to be found. I discovered it surrounded with briars. I knew it by an inscription which was said to be engraved on it, a sphere in a cylinder. A number of persons were employed to cut down the trunks, and finally we discovered the whole of the monument. One half of the inscription had however, been defaced by time.

From the New-York Evening Post.

WADSWORTH'S NEW INVENTED BOAT.

In one of our advertising columns will be seen proposals to sell the patent right to the use of this Boat for the North River, and the owner now has a model for exhibition at the Phœnix Coffee-House. We have seen this model both in the room and on the water. The following comparative facts are collected to submit to the public.

Wadsworth's Boat, propelled by a steam engine having the power of 4 horses, of 5 tons weight, and costing $2500, will go 6 miles an hour against the wind and the ordinary current of the North River.

Fulton's steam-boat, propelled as it is by a steam engine, having the power of 21 horses, of between 15 and 20 tons weight, and costing $15000 will only go at the rate of about two miles an hour against the same wind, and the same current.

Candour requires us to mention that the statement respecting Mr. Fulton's boat is derived from report, but very direct, and one which we believe is entitled to full credit. One thing, however, we fear not to say, that the vast and decided superiority of Wadsworth's Boat will, we think, be instantly obvious to every beholder. Mr. Fulton deserved and he has received great encouragement; but Wadsworth deserves, and we hope he will receive more.

VARIETY.

FROM ST. PIERRE'S WORKS.

I remember that, when I arrived in France, in a ship which was returning from the Indies, as soon as the sailors perfectly distinguished the land of their native country, they became almost intirely incapable of attending to the Ship. Some fixed their eyes upon it, incapable

of turning them away; others put on their best clothes as if they were immediately to disembark; there were some who stood talking to themselves; and others wept. As we approached, the confusion of their senses increased. Having been absent during several years, they admired, incessantly, the verdure of the hills, the foliage of the trees, and even the rocks of the shore, covered with sea-weeds and mosses; as if every object was new to them. The spires of the villages in which they were born, which they recognized among the distant fields, and named one after another, filled them with extasies of joy. But when the vessel entered the port, and they saw upon the quays their friends, their fathers, their mothers, their wives, and their children, who held out their arms, while their eyes were dimned with tears, and who called them by their names, it was impossible to keep one of them on board: they all leaped ashore, and it was necessary, according to the custom of that port, to hire another set of seamen, to bring the ship to anchor.

What, then, should we do, if we could distinctly see that heavenly country where all whom we have most loved reside? If we were assured by demonstration that, another world exists, I persuade myself that, from that moment, every occupation here would cease. All the laborious and vain anxieties of this life would have an end. The passage from one world to the other being within the reach of every man, who would stay in this? But Nature has covered the path with obscurity, and has placed doubt and apprehensions as centinels.

—

A ruby-nosed devotee of Bacchus, when reproved for the heinous sin of drunkenness, justified himself by quoting from Goldsmith, "*that virtue consists not in* NEVER FALLING, *but in* RISING *every time we* FALL.

—

From the Political Observatory.

REST.

In early time, ere Fraud was known on earth,
Or Theft and Rapine yet had monstrous birth,
Or Pride and Envy broke into the world;
Kind nature then
Produc'd to men,
While all in common stood,
A plenteous store,
Enough and more,
Of every earthly good.

Then Innocence, with Lust untainted, smil'd,
And REST, delightful Pleasure's conscious child,
Repos'd on turfs of flowers 'neath myrtle shades,
Dissolv'd in dreams,
And lull'd by streams
With milk and nectar flowing;
Or danc'd on greens,
In mazy scenes,
With light airs softly blowing.

The easy age breath'd forth perpetual spring,
And melting fragrance, spread on airy wing,
Dropp'd ripen'd fruits in careless Pleasure's lap;
While under bowers,
Arch'd o'er with flowers,
'Midst birds forever singing,
Sat quiet REST,
An heav'nly guest,
To men these pleasures bringing.

CLIO.

Dummerston, N. H. May, 1808.

—

A Frenchman, having undertaken to translate an English book into his own language, on coming to the words *chesnut-horse*, literally translated it, "a horse made of chesnuts."

—

The bright, bewitching *Mary's* eyes,
A *thousand* hearts have won,
Whilst she, regardless of the prize,
Securely keeps her own.
Ah! what a dreadful girl are you,
Who if you e'er design
To make me happy, must undo
999!

—

A rich Neapolitan merchant, named Jacob Morell, prided himself in not having set his foot out of the city where he lived, upwards of forty-eight years; this coming to the ears of Duke D'Assuna, Morell had notice sent him that he was to take no journey out of the kingdom under the penalty of ten thousand crowns. The merchant smiled at receiving the order; but afterwards, not being able to fathom the reason of such a prohibition, grew so uneasy that he paid the fine, and took a trip to Florence.

—

Women reconcile us to life.

This world's a prison, a sad gloomy den,
Whose walls are the heavens in common:
The gaoler is sin, and the prisoners men,
And the fetters are nothing but women.

Among the greatest curiosities of modern literature may be reckoned the forgeries of William Henry Ireland, an Englishman, who at a very early age fabricated a number of singular productions, which he had the address to palm on the public as original manuscripts of Shakspeare.

Many celebrated literati were rendered very ridiculous by giving credence to this adroit imposter, if we may believe his "Confessions." Having fabricated what he called "WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE'S PROFESSION OF FAITH," the manuscript was submitted to Drs. Parr and Wharton, and the following account is given of their ridiculous credulity.

"*Perusal of the Profession of Faith.*

"While Mr. Ireland read aloud the profession of faith, Drs. P*rr and Wh*rt*n remained silent, paying infinite attention to every syllable that was pronounced; while I continued immoveable, awaiting to hear their dreaded opinion. This effusion being ended, one of the above gentlemen (who, as far as my recollection can recal the circumstance, I believe to have been Dr. P*rr) thus addressed himself to Mr. Ireland:

"*Sir, we have very fine passages in our church service, and our litany abounds with beauties; but here, sir, here is a man who has distanced us all!*"

"When I heard these words pronounced, I could scarcely credit my own senses; and such was the effect they produced upon me, that I knew not whether to smile or not. I was, however, very forcibly struck with the encomium; and shortly after left the study, ruminating on the praise which had been unconsciously lavished, by a person so avowedly erudite, on the unstudied production of one so green in years as myself."

Mr. James Boswell, the biographer of Dr. Johnson, is made to appear in a no less ludicrous point of view.

"*Mr. James Boswell.*

"As the circumstances attending Mr. James Boswell's inspection of the manuscripts have been variously represented, and I was present on that occasion, I shall state the facts as they really occurred.

"On the arrival of Mr. Boswell, the papers were as usual placed before him; when he commenced his examination of them; and being satisfied as to their antiquity, as far as external appearance would attest, he proceeded to examine the style of the language from the fair transcripts made from the disguised hand-writing. In this research Mr. Boswell continued for a considerable time, constantly speaking in favour of the internal as well as external proofs of the validity of the manuscripts. At length, finding himself rather thirsty, he requested a tumbler of warm brandy and water; which having nearly finished, he then redoubled his praises of the manuscripts; and at length, arising from his chair, he made use of the following expressions: "Well, I shall now die contented, since I have lived to witness the present day." Mr. Boswell then kneeling down before the volume containing a portion of the papers, continued, "I now kiss the invaluable relics of our bard: and thanks to God that I have lived to see them!" Having kissed the volume with every token of reverence, Mr. Boswell shortly after quitted Mr. Ireland's house: and although I believe he revisited the papers on some future occasions, yet that was the only time I was honoured with a sight of Mr. James Boswell."

—

ADMONITION TO THE LADIES.

Myrtilla, rising with the dawn,
Steals roses from the blushing morn,
But when Myrtilla sleeps till ten,
Aurora steals them back again.

—

[The following anecdote is genuine. We are told that the music in question is one of the finest pieces ever composed. No body doubts of the *ingenuity* of the devil.]

THE DEVIL'S SOLO.

Every musical amateur has heard of the celebrated TARTINI, though his works, generally speaking, have been confined to the continent. This eminent composer, who flourished in the beginning of the last century, dreamt one night, in the year, 1713, that he had entered into a compact with the Devil, who promised to be at his service upon all occasions. After making several trials of his obedience, he gave the Devil his violin, in order to discover what sort of a musician he was; when, to his great astonishment, he heard a solo so exquisitely beautiful, that he awoke with surprise and delight, and, seeing his instrument, endeavoured, but in vain, to express the sweet sounds he had just witnessed. He, however, composed a solo, which he named *Il sonata del Divolo*. It is a charming composition, and has always been esteemed his master piece. The Solo of the infernal performer, or at least so much of it as TARTINI's memory enabled him to preserve, has only within a few weeks found its way to our metropolis. The particular passage

which made the greatest impression, and therefore may be considered as the genuine st . . f his Satanic Majesty, is designated by the title of the *Author's Dream*. One part is uncommonly difficult of execution; it consists of successive skakes upon consecutive notes, while the other fingers of the performer are occupied in a corresponding accompaniment. It is, unquestionably, a *develish* hard passage, and none but the Devil, or a devilish fine player can accomplish it. The author informs us, in a marginal note, that they were the shakes performed by the Devil at the foot of the bed. It cannot but be a great source of satisfaction to find, that a personage, whom, from our earliest infancy we are taught to dread, is not quite so bad as he has been described; and as he has "music in his soul," we may not unreasonably hope that he possesses other qualities in an equal degree, and that his love of the fine arts may, in progress of time, effectuate a complete and thorough reformation in his character and habits.

—

THE DANGEROUS FAIR.

If Lucy but wear it, a *feather's* a charm;
Ah! who can be safe, when *a feather* can harm?
Fly youth, from this beauty, whoever thou art; [*dart.*
And warn'd by the *feather*, beware of the

—

DOCTOR BEATTIE AND HIS SON.

The following interesting anecdote is related by Dr. Beattie, speaking of his son:—He says: he had reached his fifth or sixth year, knew the alphabet and could read a little; but had received no particular information with respect to the Author of his being, because I thought he could not yet understand such information, and because I had learned from my own experience, that to be made to repeat words not understood, is extremely detrimental to the faculties of a young mind. In the corner of a little garden, without informing any person of the circumstance, I wrote in mould, with my finger, the initial letters of his name, and sowing the garden cresses in the furrows, covered up the seed, and smoothed the ground.

Ten days after, he came running to me, and with astonishment in his countenance, told me that his name was growing in the garden. I laughed at the report, and seemed inclined to disregard it; but he insisted on my going to see what had happened. Yes, said I carelessly, on coming to the place, I see it is, but there is nothing in this worth notice; it is mere chance; and I went away. He followed me, and taking hold of my coat, said with some earnestness, it could not be mere chance, for that something must have contrived it so as to produce it.

I pretend not to give his words nor my own, for I have forgotten both; but I give the substance of what passed between us, in such language as we both understood. So you think, I said, that what appears so regular as the letters of your name, cannot be by chance? Yes, said he with firmness, I think so. Look at yourself, I replied, and consider your hands and fingers, your legs and feet, and other limbs: Are they not regular in their appearance, and useful to you? He said they were. Came they then hither, said I, by chance? No, he answered, that cannot be; something must have made me. And what is that something? I asked. He said he did not know. (I took particular notice that he did not say, as Rosseau fancies a child in like circumstances would say: That his parents made him.) I had now gained the point I aimed at, and saw that his reason taught him, (though he could not so express it) that what begins to be, must have a cause; and that what is formed with regularity, must have an intelligent cause. I therefore told him the name of the GREAT BEING who made him and all the world; concerning whose adorable name I gave him such information as I thought he could in some measure comprehend. The lesson affected him greatly, and he never forgot either that or the circumstance that introduced it.

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In the year 1759 Dr. Will wrote a pamphlet entitled, "To David Garrick, Esq. the petition of the Letter I, in behalf of himself and Sisters." The purport of it was to charge Mr. Garrick with some words including the letter I, as U, in furm for firm, vurtue for virtue, and others.—The pamphlet is now forgotten; but the following Epigram, which Mr. Garrick wrote upon the occasion, deserves to be preserved as one of the best in the Language. O.

To Dr. Will, upon his petition of the letter I, to David Garrick, Esq.

If 'tis true, as you say, that I have injur'd a letter,
I'll change my notes soon, as I hope for the better;
May the just rights of letters, as well as of men,
Hereafter be fixt by the tongue & the pen;
Most devoutly I wish they may both have their due,
And that *I* may be never mistaken for *U*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Pastime.

AN ODE,

Commemorative of the deaths of Lieutenant Somers of the American navy, and his brave Companions, before Tripoli, in the summer of 1805.

BY THE LATE MR. BLAUVELT.

[Commodore Preble, with a view as much as possible to harass the enemy, ordered the ketch Intrepid to be filled with materials for a destructive explosion, and gave the conduct of her to Lieutenants Somers, Wadsworth, Israel, and a few others.—Their orders were to approach, under cover of the night, as near as they could, to the town and batteries, and after firing a train, provided for that purpose, to make their escape to the fleet in boats. A premature discovery of them by the enemy, rendered it impossible for them, either to reach the station which they contemplated, or to make their escape; and these brave men, with an intrepidity almost beyond parallel, preferring death to an ignominious servitude, set fire to the train, and were blown with their enemies into the air. This catastrophe is made the subject of the following Ode. B.]

——evehit ad deos—
Aget Penna metuente solvi
Fama superstes—
———— ibi tu calentem
Debita sparges, Lacryma favillam.

HORACE.

Recitative.

Dark is the night, and deep and low'ring
Hang its shadows o'er the main;
On the billow awful tow'ring,
Yonder glide the warrior-train!
Not a star betrays their motions,
Hush'd, unseen, they hold their way;
Sullen as the calm of ocean,
At the lurid close of day.
Lo! the fleet with valor teeming,
Dimly skirts the westward sky;
Hope and doubt alternate beaming
From the war-instructed eye.
Preble there serene presiding,
Distant marks the floating death,
Toward the castle darkly gliding,
Aided by the breeze's breath.

Air.

Chief of daring! thine is glory
Far beyond the reach of Fate;
Slain—immortaliz'd in story,
Living—valorous and great!
Thine the calm heroic spirit,
Firm to act, and bold to dare;
Or to grasp the meed of merit,
Or the Hero's grave to share!

Recitative.

Now the bark in distance fading
Glooms beneath the turret-steep,
Not a sound the ear invading
Save the murmur of the deep!
Surely she has gain'd her station,
Lost in distance and in gloom—
'Tis the pause of expectation!
'Tis the silence of the tomb!

Air.

Warriors rue the gale that bore them!
Rue the gloom that wrapt the skies!
Never shall the sun restore them
To your valour-weeping eyes!
Shield them, Heav'n, amid the explosion!
Quickly waft them from the shore—
Who can bear the swift concussion?
Who can list the sudden roar?

Recitative.

See the flash, one moment shining;
Ocean, earth, and heav'n illume!
Now again 'tis lost! resigning
Heav'n and earth and sea, to gloom.
Horror all, and wild commotion—
Shrieks of millions from the shore—
Gleaming on the sulph'rous ocean,
Cannon burst with rapid roar.
Atlas trembling, hears the thunder
Bellow thro' his shores below;
Sees his tawny sons of plunder
Frighted fly, without a foe.

Air (by the Turks.)

Allah! whence this dire undoing
Rushing thro' the troubled air?
Save, oh save thy race from ruin,
Shield the faithful from despair!

Recitative.

O'er the scene, at length, reposing,
Wrapt in desolation's reign;
Morn reluctantly disclosing,
Faintly gilds the eastward plain.

Chorus (by the Crews.)

Rise in haste, oh God of splendor!
Valor bids thee swiftly rise;
Triumph to the deeds we'll render
Veil'd by midnight from our eyes.
Hail the wave that to our wishes,
Proudly wafts the daring few!
Hail the dawn that bears propitious
Fame and Somers to his crew!

Recitative.

Morning breaks—but ah, to languish!
Lurid was the light it shed
O'er th' enquiring eye of anguish,
For the warrior-train are fled.

Air (1*st.*)

Gallant Warriors! well attended
Rush'd your valor to its grave;
Many a foe convulsive rended,
Grimly sank beneath the wave.
Well aveng'd, ere long you'll number,
Victims welt'ring, pale and low;
Many a Turk, in icy slumber,
Soon shall knit the savage brow.
Gen'rous Youths! your story telling,
Tho' a sigh suspend the breath;
Ev'ry nerve to frenzy swelling
Claims a victory from death.

Air (2*d.*)

Heralds of your Country's glory,
Dawning on the path of time!
Age shall kindle at your story,
Cherish'd oft in future rhyme;
For the Bard, on fame attending,
Shall, enraptur'd by the tale,
O'er his harp of legends bending,
Give your glories to the gale.
Beauty, too, a wreath bestowing,
Bids it flourish round your bier;
Ever in remembrance glowing,
Ever water'd by her tear.

Air (3*d.*)

Often shall the Arab wander
From his hills of sunny sand,
On your deeds of fame to ponder,
Circled by his list'ning Band—
"Perish'd here," he'll say, "the stranger,
"When the star of night was high;
"Like thee, Christian, braving danger,
"Be it mine, like thee to die!"

LODINUS.

There is, in the following lines, an unaffected diction, and smoothness of versification, for which, amid the mass of fugitive poetry, we often look in vain.

TO *****.

Oh 'twas a night to mem'ry dear!
Fondly she loves to trace it o'er—
Soft murm'ring on th' attentive ear,
The gentle billows kiss'd the shore;

The hum of careful day was past,
Lone silence held her tranquil reign;
Save where, beside the pond'rous mast,
The seaman pour'd his untaught strain.

The rising moon, full orb'd and bright,
Shone o'er the rolling wave, so clear;
So chaste, so pure, its lovely light
We fancied heav'n within its sphere!

The flutt'ring breeze, with frag'rant wings
Swept from our cheeks the tender tear;
The tear from sentiment that springs,
That drop to feeling hearts so dear!

Borne on that breeze, so sweet, so mild,
The soul of music floating came;
Notes, which might sooth Despair's lorn child,
Or, light devotion's hallow'd flame?

Such was that night!—dost thou, like me,
Recal the scene, with soft regret?
Lives, in thine ear, that minstrelsy!
And, in thine eye, those moonbeams yet?

Say, thou, whom I shall ne'er forget,
Dost thou, like me revere the hour?
When Nature, Taste and friendship met,
And all our souls confess'd their pow'r?

CLARA.

OBITUARY.

DIED, in the city of New-York, on the morning of the 11th instant, Mrs. HARRIET RODMAN, wife of Mr. John Rodman, in the twenty-sixth year of her age. In the remembrance of such a woman, her numerous friends will often indulge themselves. Nature had given her a vigorous understanding, which was well cultivated by reading and instructive conversation. Her singular colloquial talents and engaging manners, attracted an extensive circle of friends and acquaintance, and gave her an elevated place in society. An excellent judgment and acquirements of no common extent, were animated by a bright and active imagination, and an ardour and enthusiasm of feeling, which, with personal attractions, far above mediocrity, rendered her whole character singularly interesting.

It will not a little soften the regret of those friends upon whom her strongly expressive countenance ever beamed kindness and sensibility, that she was a firm believer in the christian religion. In health and in the gaiety of society, she could never tolerate in those with whom she conversed the least attempt to impair the credit of its testimony, or to diminish its consolations—Those consolations which only could support HER when life declined, when sprightly converse, the exercise of literary taste, and the displays of genius could no more amuse and interest.

[*Alb. Crisis.*

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